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THE SHOWER OF PEARLS,

A Collection of Poetry,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

IN TWO SERIES,

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY CHARLOTTE PHILLIPS.

LONDON :

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO., STATIONERS' HALL COURT;
AND JARROLD AND SONS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD;
PETERBOROUGH : J. S. CLARKE, MARKET PLACE.

1855.

TO THE LITTLE BOYS,

(MY OWN PUPILS,)

THIS VOLUME, CONTAINING MANY OF THEIR FAVOURITE PIECES

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THEIR

FRIEND AND TEACHER,

C. PHILLIPS.

P R E F A C E.

THE following selection of Poetry has been arranged and published in a cheap form for the use of schools. The book is divided into two parts and the pieces are classified according to the ages and capacities of the Pupils. Many of them are selected from our best poets, both ancient and modern, and even the simpler rhymes have been chosen with some regard to taste, and with a view to create and foster in the youngest child a love for true poetry.

How early the mind may be influenced through such agencies we all know, and these reminiscences of our childish and youthful days, associated as they are with our best and holiest feelings, recur to us in after life with exquisite freshness and beauty.

Like the memories of dear departed friends, they steal over our spirits, soothing us in the hour of sorrow, strengthening us in the time of temptation, and whispering to us in angel strains of something more bright and enduring than the dark and ever-varying scenes through which we are called to pass.

Let none fear any ill result from the inculcation

of the true spirit of poetry. An inordinate love of it indeed may be deemed a failing, and a highly poetic temperament, unless accompanied with a well-balanced and wisely regulated mind, may be a dangerous, though splendid gift. Still it must be acknowledged that true poetry and true religion are closely allied ; and surely there is enough in this “work-a-day-world” of ours, with its sober realities and sorrowful conflicts, to wean us from an overstrained sentimentality, and to deaden the perception of the beautiful and the ideal within us.

Happy they who, in the Autumn of life, retain a heart fresh with “the dew of their youth;” whose natures, softened and purified in the crucible of sorrow, conceal in their hidden depths, some chord that attunes itself to the melody of “the dear familiar strains” that were learned in happy school-days, or amid the sacred charms of home and the domestic hearth. To such, especially amongst the teachers of the young, we offer our little volume, assured that with them it will meet with a due appreciation and just criticism.

C. P.

Huddersfield, Dec. 3rd., 1854.

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THE SHOWER OF PEARLS.

GOD.

WHEN I look up to yonder sky,
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
I think of one I cannot see,
But one who sees and cares for me.

His name is God, he gave me birth,
And every living thing on earth ;
And every tree and plant that grows
To the same hand its being owes.

'Tis He my daily food provides,
And all that I require besides :
And when I close my slumbering eye,
I sleep in peace, for he is nigh.

B

Then surely I should ever love
This gracious God, who reigns above ;
For very good indeed is he !
To love a little child like me.

THE COTTON TREE AND THE BOOK

FAIR befal the cotton tree !
Bravely may it grow,
Bearing in its seeded pod
Cotton, white as snow.

Spin the cotton into thread ;
Weave it in the loom ;—
Wear it now, thou little child,
In thy happy home !

Thou *hast* worn it, little child,—
Wondrous cotton tree !
Did this paper ?—did this book
Spring and grow from thee ?

Yes ! God's gracious gift of mind
Made the cotton tree ;
Speed forth knowledge, peace, and love,
Over land and sea.

And ten thousand cotton trees
Spring up fresh and fair,
That unwritten thoughts of love
O'er all the world shall bear.

THE LILY.

COME, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn,—
See the lily on the bed,
Hanging down its modest head ;
While it scarcely can be seen,
Folded on its leaf of green.

Yet we love the lily well
For its sweet and pleasant smell ;

And would rather call it ours
Than the many gayer flowers.
Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn ;
Let your temper be as sweet
As the lily at your feet :
Be as gentle, be as mild,
Be a modest, simple child.

'Tis not beauty that we prize,
Like a summer flower it dies ;
But humility will last,
Fair and sweet, when beauty's past
And the Saviour from above
Views an humble child with love.

JANE TA.

THE ARK AND THE DOVE.

THERE was a noble ark
 Sailing o'er waters dark,
 And wide around :
 Not one tall tree was seen,
 Nor flower, nor leaf of green,
 Nor e'en the ground.

Then a soft wing was spread,
 And o'er the billows dread
 A meek dove flew ;
 But on that shoreless tide,
 No living thing she spied
 To cheer her view.

So to the ark she fled,
 With weary drooping head,
 To seek for rest ;
 Christ is the ark, my love,
 Thou art the tender dove—
 Fly to his breast.

ANON.

THE SPRING.

HARK ! the little birds are singing,
 Winter's gone and summer's near ;
 See the tender grass is springing,
 And the flowers will soon be here.

Who made the winter and the spring ?
 Who painted all the flowers ?
 Who taught the little birds to sing,
 And made these hearts of ours ?

O ! 'tis God ! how good he is !
 He does every blessing give ;
 All this happy world is his—
 Let us love him while we live !

MRS. FOLLEN.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

God made the sky that looks so blue,
 God made the grass so green,
 God made the flowers that smell so sweet,
 In pretty colours seen.

God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see,
It comes to give us light and heat ;
How thankful should we be !

God made the pretty bird to fly ;
How sweetly has she sung !
And though she soars so very high.
She won't forget her young.

God made the cow to give nice milk,
The horse for man to use ;
I'll treat them kindly for His sake,
Nor dare His gifts abuse.

God made the water for our drink,
God made the fish to swim,
God made the trees to bear nice fruit,
Oh ! how should we love Him.

ANON.

THE SEASONS.

BLOWY breezy March brings Spring,
When the birds begin to sing ;
Showery April, flowery May,
Come and quickly pass away.

Summer comes with leafy June,
When the nice sweet hay is mown ;
Hot July brings August on,
Then the Summer's past and gone.

September fruit, October grain,
Then November's pattering rain
Finishes the Autumn time,
And the year has seen its prime.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, all are past ;
Shivering Winter comes at last ;
Sharp December winds will blow,
Scattering hail, and rain, and snow.

January's ice will sparkle,
February's frost will darkle ;
Then good-by frost, and snow and rain,
Charming spring will come again.

ANON.

THE BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,
And gathers honey all the day,
 From ev'ry op'ning flow'r.

How skilfully she builds her cell,
 How neat she spreads her wax,
And labours hard to store it well
 With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill
 I would be busy too ;
Some evil work is present still
 For idle hands to do.

*In books, or work, or healthful I
Let my first years be past ;
That I may give for every day,
Some good account at last.*

D.R. V

THE OCEANS.

*The oceans number five :
Two lie around the poles ;
Between us and America,
A third, th' Atlantic rolls.*

*The Indian ocean next,
A fourth is said to be ;
The fifth, the great Pacific is,
From tempests ever free.*

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

SPORTING on the village green,
The pretty English girl is seen ;
Or beside her cottage neat,
Knitting on the garden-seat.

Now within her humble door,
Sweeping clean her kitchen floor ;
While upon the wall so white,
Hang her coppers, polished bright.

Mary never idle sits ;
She either sews, or spins, or knits ;
Hard she labours all the week,
With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

And on Sunday Mary goes,
Neatly dressed in decent clothes,
Says her prayers (a constant rule)
And hastens to the Sunday School.

Oh, how good should we be found,
Who live on happy English ground ;
Where rich and poor and wretched may
All learn to walk in wisdom's way.

THE SNOWDROP.

I saw a snowdrop on the bed,
Green taper leaves among ;
White as the driven snow its head
Upon the stalk was hung.

The wintry wind came sweeping o'er,
And soon a tempest blew :
The snowdrop faded—never more
To glitter with the dew.

I saw a smiling infant laid
In its fond mother's arms :
Around its rosy cheeks there played
A thousand dimpling charms.

A sudden pain was sent to take
The smiling babe away ;
How did its little bosom shake,
As in a fit it lay !

Its little heart was quickly stopped,
And in the earth so cold
I saw its pretty coffin dropped,
And covered up with mould.

Dear little children, who may read
This mournful story through,
Remember, death may come with speed,
And also summon you.

SPRING.

SPRING is coming ! spring is coming !—
Hark ! the little bee is humming ;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the blue and sunny sky.

Little children look around ye,
Green and flowery fields surround ye,
Every running stream is bright,
And the orchard trees are white.

Turn your eyes to earth and heaven,
God for us the spring has given ;
Little children, gladly sing
Praise to Him who made the spring.

WHO TAUGHT THEM ?

Who taught the bird to build her nest
Of softest wool and hay and moss ;
Who taught her how to weave it best ;
And lay the tiny twigs across ?

Who taught the busy bee to fly,
Amongst the sweetest herbs and flowers,
And lay her store of honey by,
Providing food for winter hours ?

Who taught the little ant the way,
 Her narrow cell so well to bore,
 And through the pleasant summer day,
 To gather up her winter store ?

'Twas God who taught them all the way,
 And gave these little creatures skill ;
 And teaches children when they pray,
 To know and do his heavenly will.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

LITTLE children can you say
 Why you're glad on Christmas day ;
 Little children can you tell
 Why you hear the sweet church bell ;
 Can you tell me who was born
 Early on the Christmas morn ?

I hope you will at once reply
 Yes, we are glad, and we know why ;

This day is joyful upon earth
In honour of the Saviour's birth ;
The Angels came from heaven to say,
That Christ was born on Christmas day.

Christ is our Saviour, and we know,
When little children to Him go
For all the good He gives, to pray,
He will not turn His face away ;
His word in God's own book we see,
" Let little children come to me."

This is the birthday of our King,
And we our little offering bring :—
This is our Saviour's holiday,
And therefore we are glad and gay ;
We'll sing and pray and read His word,
And keep the birthday of our Lord.

THE PILGRIMS.

“ GENTLE pilgrim, tell me why
 Dost thou fold thy arms and sigh,
 And wistful cast thy eyes around ?—
 Whither pilgrim art thou bound ?”

“ The road to heaven I sorrowing seek ;
 If thou canst inform me, speak.”
 “ Keep your right hand path with care,
 Though crags obstruct, and brambles tear ;
 You just discern a narrow track,—
 Enter there and turn not back.”

“ Say where that pleasant pathway leads,
 Winding down yon flowery meads ?
 Song and dance the way beguiles,
 Every face is dressed in smiles.”

“ Shun with care that flowery way ;
 ’Twill lead thee, pilgrim, far astray.”

“ Guide or counsel do I need ?”

“ Pilgrim, he who runs may read.”

“ Is the way that I must keep
 Crossed by waters wide and deep ?”

“ Did it lead through flood and fire
 Thou must not stop—thou must not tire.”

“ Till I have my journey past,
 Tell me will the day-light last ?
 Will the sky be bright and clear
 Till the evening shades appear ? ”
 “ Though the sun now rides so high,
 Clouds may veil the evening sky ;
 Fast sinks the sun, fast wears the day,
 Thou must not stop—thou must not stay ;
 God speed thee, pilgrim, on thy way.”

MRS. BARBAULD.

CHILD'S HYMN.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How he called little children, as lambs, to his
 fold,
 I should like to have been with him then.
 I wish that his hand had been placed on my
 head,
 That his arm had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen his kind look,
 when he said—
 “ Let the little ones come unto me ! ”

If Jesus were here, and would smile on my
song,

When to love him and praise him I tried,
With sweetest hosannas, I'd join in the throng,

And would press myself close to his side.
And if they should chide me or send me away,

I would cling to his sheltering knee ;
And I'd tell them the words he himself once
did say—

“ Let the little ones come unto me ! ”

Yet still to the footstool of mercy I'll go,

And ask for a share of his love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,

I shall see him and hear him above.

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,

For all who are washed and forgiven ;

And many dear children are gathering there,

“ For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

But thousands and thousands, who wander and
fall,

Never heard of that beautiful home ;
I should like them to know there is room for
them all,

And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I so long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime,
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

THE ORPHAN CHILD.

Upon my father's new-clos'd grave
Deep lies the winter's snow,
Green now the grass waves o'er his head,
And tall the tomb-weeds grow.

But other hearts, Lord, thou hast warm'd
With tenderness benign,
And in the stranger's eyes I mark
The tear of pity shine.

The stranger's hand by thee is moved
To be the orphan's stay ;
And better far, the stranger's voice
Hath taught me how to pray.

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright ;
But the evening cometh on
And the dark cold night ;
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open fresh and gay ;
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away ;
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long ;
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song :
There's a place where Angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

Who shall go to that fair land ?
 All who love the right ;
 Holy children there shall stand
 In their robes of white ;
 For that heaven so bright and blest
 Is their everlasting rest.

CHARLIE.

A BLOOMING group at morning's prime,
 Moved by their parents' voice,
 Each offered from the Book Divine,
 A fragment of their choice.

And one a beauteous boy, o'er whom
 Four happy summers swept,
 Raised his clear trustful eyes and said,
 "*I laid me down and slept.*"

Oh ! sweet, my son, the gem you bring,
 But know you not the rest ?
 "I waked, because the Lord sustained ;"
 Complete the sentence blest.

Yet still that student of the skies
His first selection kept ;
“ No, no, mamma, just this, just this,
‘ *I laid me down and slept.*’ ”

That night the fever smote him sore
With dire delirious pain,
And fiercely racked the springs of life,
Till every hope was vain.

Then all at once in slumber soft
The darling sufferer lay,
And like a lamb of Jesus slept
His little life away.

He slept, but with what glorious joy !
What strains of seraph love !
The waking word he spake not here
Shall be pronounced above.

ANON.

THE TRUTHFUL BOY.

ONCE there was a little boy
With curly hair and pleasant eye ;
A boy who always told the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school,
The children all about would cry,
There goes the curly-headed boy,
The boy who never tells a lie.

And every body loved him so,
Because he always told the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
'Twas said, There goes the honest youth.

And when the people that stood near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this—
Because he never tells a lie.

MARY'S LAMB.

MARY had a little lamb,
 Its fleece was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went,
 The lamb was sure to go.
He followed her to school one day,—
 That was against the rule ;
It made the children laugh and play,
 To see a lamb at school.

So then the teacher turned him out,
 But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
 Till Mary did appear.
And then he ran to her and laid
 His head upon her arm,
As if he said,—“ I'm not afraid—
 You'll keep me from all harm.”

“ What makes the lamb love Mary so ? ”
 The eager children cry—

"Oh, Mary loves the lamb you know,"
The teacher did reply ;—
And you, each gentle animal,
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always kind.

INFANT SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

TO A ROBIN REDBREAST.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed !
Courtly domes of high degree,
Have no room for thee and me :
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal ;
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee ;
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye—

See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
 Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill.
 Come, my feather'd friend, again,
 Well thou know'st the broken pane ;
 Ask of me thy daily store ;
 Ever welcome to my door.

WORDSWORTH.

THE CHILD TO THE ROBIN.

COME here little robin, come here to me,
 You cannot live in a leafless tree ;
 You must not perch on the snowy stone,
 And chirp so sadly all alone.

Come under my window and I will spread
 For you every morning some crumbs of bread :
 Till summer returns I will feed you still,
 And keep you in safety, if you will.

And then when the fields are green and gay,
 Your merry song will my care repay ;
 I would not hurt you, my pretty thing,
 I love too well to hear you sing.

PETER PARLEY'S GEOGRAPHY.

THE world is round, and like a ball
Seems swinging in the air ;
A sky extends around it all,
And stars are shining there.

Water and land upon the face
Of this round world we see ;
The land is man's safe dwelling place,
But ships sail on the sea.

Two mighty continents there are,
And many islands too,
And mountains, hills, and valleys there,
With level plains we view.

The ocean, like the broad blue sky,
Extends around the sphere,
While seas, and lakes, and rivers lie
Unfolded, bright and clear.

Around the earth on every side,
Where hills and plains are spread,
The various tribes of men abide,
White, black, and copper red.

And animals and plants there be,
Of various name and form ;
And in the bosom of the sea
All sorts of fishes swarm.

Geography goes high and low,
To set them forth and shew them,
The more attention you bestow,
The better you will know them.

THE LITTLE SHIP.

A LITTLE ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight ;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.

When lo ! a storm began to rise,
 The wind blew loud and strong ;
 It blew the clouds across the skies,
 It blew the waves along.

And all but one, were sore afraid
 Of sinking in the deep ;
 His head was on a pillow laid,
 And he was fast asleep.

Master, we perish !—Master save !
 They cried,—their Master heard ;
 He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
 And still'd them with a word.

He to the storm says, “ Peace,—be still ; ”
 The raging billows cease,
 The mighty winds obey his will,
 And all are hushed to peace.

Oh ! well we know it was the Lord,
 Our Saviour and our Friend ;
 Whose care of those who trust his word,
 Will never, never, end.

ANON

THE DOVE.

I KNEW a little sickly child,
 The long, long summer day,
When all the world was green and bright,
 Alone in bed he lay.
There used to come a little dove
 Before his window small,
And sing to him with her sweet voice,
 Out of the fir tree tall.

And when that sick child better grew,
 And he could crawl along,—
Close to that window he would creep,
 And listen to her song.
And he was gentle in his speech,
 And quiet in his play ;
He would not for the world have made
 That sweet dove fly away.

There is a holy Dove that sings
 To every Christian child,
That whispers to his little heart
 A song as sweet, as mild.

The Holy Spirit of our God,
 That speaks his soul within,—
 That leads him on to all things right,
 And holds him back from sin.

And he must hear that still small voice—
 Nor tempt it to depart,
 The Spirit great and wonderful,
 That whispers to his heart.
 He must be wise, and pure, and true,
 Must strive, and watch, and pray,
 For unresisted sin at last,
 Will drive that Dove away.

ANON.

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
 And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
 And on my cheek sweet kisses press'd ?

My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
 Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
 And soothed me that I should not cry ?

My Mother.



Who taught my infant heart to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And taught me wisdom's pleasant way ?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me ?

My Mother.

Ah ! no, the thought I cannot bear ;
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,

My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey.
My healthful arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pain away,

My Mother.

For God who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise,

My Mother.

JANE TAYLOR.

SAMUEL.

WHEN Samuel heard in still midnight,
A voice amid God's presence bright ;
He rose and said on bended knee,
“ Speak, Lord ! thy servant heareth thee.”

Even such a voice I too may hear ;
Even such a light my soul may cheer ;
For Scripture words by God are given,
And eonscience is a ray from Heaven.

All that I learn can tell of God ;
The bible best ; 'tis God's own word ;
But men and books, each star and flower,
Can tell me of him more and more.

Within, without, above, around,
I'll listen for the holy sound ;
And still my ardent prayer shall be,
“ Speak ; for thy servant heareth thee.”

MISS MARTINEAU.

STARS.

STARS, that on your wondrous way
Travel through the evening sky,
Is there nothing you can say
To such a little child as I ?
Tell me, for I long to know,
Who has made you sparkle so ?

Yes, methinks I hear you say,
“ Child of mortal race attend :
While we run our wondrous way,
Listen, we would be your friend ;
Teaching you that Name Divine,
By whose mighty word we shine.

“ Child, as truly as we roll
Through the dark and distant sky,
You have an immortal soul,
Born to live when we shall die ;
Suns and planets pass away :
Spirits never can decay.

“ When some thousand years at most,
 All their little time have spent,
One by one our sparkling host,
 Shall forsake the firmament ;
We shall from our glory fall :
You must live beyond us all.

“ Yes, and God who bade us roll,
 God, who hung us in the sky,
Stoops to watch an infant’s soul,
 With a condescending eye ;
And esteems it dearer far,
More in value than a star.

“ Oh ! then, while your breath is given,
 Let it rise in fervent prayer ;
And beseech the God of Heaven,
 To receive your spirit there,
Like a living star to blaze
Ever to your Saviour’s praise.”

JANE TAYLOR

HARVEST-FIELD FLOWERS.

Come down into the harvest fields
 This Autumn morn with me ;
 For in the pleasant autumn fields
 There's much to hear and see.
 On yellow slopes of waving corn
 The autumn sun shines clearly ;
 And 'tis joy to walk, on days like this,
 Among the bearded barley.

Within the sunny harvest fields
 We'll gather flowers enow ;
 The poppy red and the marigold,
 And the bugles brightly blue ;
 We'll gather the white convolvulus,
 That opes in the morning early ;
 With a cluster of nuts, an ear of wheat,
 And an ear of the bearded barley.

Bright over the golden fields of corn
 Doth shine the autumn sky ;
 So let's be merry while we may,
 For time goes hurrying by.

They take the sickle from the wall
 When morning dews shine pearly ;
 And the mower whets the ringing scythe,
 To cut the bearded barley.

Come, then, into the harvest fields ;
 The robin sings his song ;
 The corn stands yellow on the hills,
 And autumn stays not long.
 They'll carry the sheaves of corn away,
 They reaped to-day so early,
 Along the lane, with a rustling sound,
 Their loads of bearded barley !

MARY HOWITT.

PROVIDENCE.

EACH little mouse with eye so clear,
 He hath his little mother dear,
 Who keeps him warm and brings him bread,
 He doth nor cold nor hunger dread.

No poor dear little bird we see
In garden hop from tree to tree,
But his warm feather clothes has got,
That rain and snow can harm him not.

There is no painted butterfly,
No meanest worm 'neath summer sky,
But knows his leaf, or fragrant flower,
And happy spends his little hour.

No creature in the world we find
But has his portion due assigned,
His clothing, bed, and little home,
Where he may freely go and come.

And who such care for all doth take ?
The good God who did all things make,
Who looks on all so tenderly,
And careth night and day for me.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE FROST.

THE frost looked forth one still clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So thro' the valley, and over the height,

In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,

But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered
its crest;

He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest
In diamond beads—and over the breast

Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail that need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin far and near,

Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,
By the light of the moon were seen

Most beautiful things—there were flowers and
trees ;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees ;
There were cities with temples, and towers
and these
All pictured in silver sheen !

But he did one thing that was hardly fair ;
He peeped in at the cup-board, and finding
there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
“ Now just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
“ This costly pitcher I'll burst in three ;
And this glass of water they've left for me,
Shall ‘tchiek’ to tell them I'm drinking.”

GOULD.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE.

SWEET wanderer ! the gentle Spring
Hath strew'd the earth with flowers ;
Oh ! haste thee ! plume thy fairy wing,
Bird of the summer hours.

Nay, tarry not ! the primrose pale
 Hath rais'd her starry eye ;
 And the soft, balmy, southern gale
 Hath breath'd where violets lie.

The trees that were so dead and sere,
 Clad in their vernal dress—
 Oh ! they are smiling gladly here,
 In very loveliness.

Where art thou lingering ? in some clim
 Some dreamy clime of flowers ;
 Where it is ever summer time,
 Amid the fragrant bowers ?

There, in some scented orange grove,
 Beneath a cloudless sky,
 How sweetly, wanderer, canst thou rov'
 And pour thy melody !

Or, gliding o'er the crystal stream,
 Fed by some rippling spring,
 How canst thou rest thyself awhile,
 And lave thy weary wing !

Yet, tarry not ! the gentle spring
Hath strew'd the earth with flowers ;
And beauty flung o'er everything,
In this bright world of ours.

C. PHILLIPS.

THE POND AND THE BROOK.

" NEIGHBOUR Brook," said the Pond one day,
" Why do you flow so fast away ?
Sultry June is hastening on,
And then your water will all be gone."

" Nay, my friend," the Brook replied,
" Do not thus my conduct chide ;
Shall I rather hoard than give ?
Better die than useless live.

Summer came, and blazing June
Dried the selfish Pond full soon,
Not a single trace was seen
Where it had so lately been.

But the Brook with vigour flowed
 Swift along its pebbly road
 And the fragrant flowers around,
 Loved to hear its happy sound

WE ARE SEVEN.

I MET a little cottage girl :
 She was eight years old she said ;
 Her hair was thick with many a curl
 That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
 And she was wildly clad :
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
 Her beauty made me glad.

" Sisters and brothers, little maid
 How many may you be ?"
 " How many ? Seven in all," she said,
 And wondering looked at me.

" And where are they ? I pray you tell,"
 She answerd. " Seven are we ;

And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

" You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
" Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

" You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

" Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied, [door,
" Twelve steps or more from my Mother's
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchiefs there I hem :
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was sister Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And when the grass was dry
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

" How many are you, then," said I
" If they two are in heaven ?"

Quick was the little maid's reply,
 " O master, we are seven."

" But they are dead, those two are dead !
 Their spirits are in heaven !"
 T'was throwing words away ; for still
 The little maid would have her will,
 And said, " Nay, we are seven !"

WORDSWORTH.

THE WHITE DOVE.

THERE sitteth a dove so white and fair,
 All on the lily spray ;
 And she listeneth when to our Saviour dear,
 The little children pray.

Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
 And to heaven's gate hath sped ;
 And unto the Father in Heaven she bears,
 The prayers that the children have said.

And back she comes from Heaven's gate,
And brings that dove so mild,
From the Father in Heaven who hears
speak,
A blessing for every child.

Then, children, lift up a pious prayer ;
It hears whatever you say,
That heavenly dove so white and fair,
That sits on the lily spray.

F. BREMER

THE ROSE.

The Rose is sweet, but it is surrounded with
Thorns.
The Lily of the Valley is fragrant, but it
springeth up amongst the Brambles,
The Spring is pleasant, but it is soon past.
The Summer is bright, but the Winter de-
stroyeth the beauty thereof.
The Rainbow is very glorious, but it soon
vanisheth away.

Life is good, but it is quickly swallowed up in
Death.

There is a land where the Roses are without
thorns, where the Flowers are not mixed
with brambles ;—

In that land there is eternal Spring, and Light
without any Cloud ;—

The Tree of Life groweth in the midst thereof,
Rivers of pleasure are there, and Flowers
that never fade ;—

Myriads of happy spirits are there, and surround
the throne of God with a perpetual Hymn.

The Angels with their golden harps sing praises
continually ; and the cherubim fly on wings
of fire.

This country is Heaven, it is the country of
those that are good, and nothing that is
wicked must inhabit there.

The toad must not spit its venom among turtle
doves, nor the poisonous henbane grow
among sweet flowers ;

Neither must any one that doeth ill enter into
that good land.

This earth is pleasant, for it is God's earth,
and it is filled with many delightful things ;
But that country is far better ; there we shall

not grieve any, nor be sick any more, nor do wrong any more ; there the cold of winter shall not wither us, nor the heats of summer scorch us ;—

In that country there are no wars nor quarrels, but all love one another with dear love.

When our parents and friends die, and are laid in the cold ground, we see them here no more ; but there we shall embrace them again, and live with them, and be separated no more :—

There we shall meet all the good whom we read of in holy books :—

There we shall see Abraham, the called of God, the father of the faithful, and Moses, after his long wanderings in the Arabian desert, and Elijah, the prophet of God, and Daniel, who escaped the lion's den ; and there the son of Jesse, the shepherd king, the sweet singer of Israel.

They loved God on earth, they praised him on earth ; but in that country they will praise him better, and love him more.

There we shall see Jesus, who is gone before us to that happy place ; and there we shall behold the glory of the high God.

We cannot see him here, but we will love him
here; we must be now on earth, but we
will often think on heaven.

That happy land is our home, we are to be
here but for a little while, and there for
ever, even for ages of eternal years.

BARBAULD'S PROSE HYMNS.

CASSABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childish form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go,
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, " Say, father, say,
 If yet my task is done ;"
 He knew not that the chieftain lay,
 Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father," once again he cried,
 " If I may yet be gone ;"
 And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair ;
 And looked from that lone post of death,
 In still yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
 " My father must I stay ?"
 While o'er him fast through sail and shroud
 The wreathing fire made way.

They wrapp'd the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And streamed above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound,
 The boy—oh ! where was he ?

Ask of the winds, that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part ;
 But the noblest thing that perished there,
 Was that young and faithful heart !

HEMANS.

MY BROTHERS GRAVE.

The following lines were suggested by some remarks made in the letter of a child of ten years old, in allusion to the grave of an infant brother, for whom he cherished a deep affection.

I RECOLLECT my brother's grave,
 A simple grassy mound—
 Above it tall trees gently wave,
 And daisies bloom around.

I used to gather sweet wild flowers,
 Wet with the morning dew,
 And in the pleasant summer hours
 That little grave bestrew.

When hot and wearied with my play
 I sought the hallow'd sod,
 And happy thoughts would o'er me stray,
 Of earth, and heaven, and God.

At twilight, too, when all was still,
 Save the low murmuring breeze ;
 Fancy my chasten'd heart would fill
 With landscapes such as these :

A flowery vale—with running streams,
 O'er which the sun shone bright ;
 And Angel forms, like those in dreams
 We see sometimes at night,

Walk'd there ; and little children, too,
 Play'd all the live-long day
 Where buttercups and violets grew,
 As if 'twere always May.

And happy voices sweetly sang,
 And music fill'd the air,
 And through the flow'ry valley rang,
 For sorrow dwelt not there.

And one there was who seemed to speak ;
 He smiled, and waved his hand ;



I thought he said " Sweet brother, seek
To reach this happy land."

I see not now that little grave,
For we no longer dwell
Where I can visit it as once,
And yet I love it well.

My playmates, when in childish glee,
Ye to the churchyard go,
If ye have ever loved me,
Think who lies there so low.

Oh, tread not on my brother's grave,
Or pluck in wanton mood
The daisies that so sweetly bloom,
In that loved solitude !

C. PHILLIPS.

WANT OF THOUGHT.

TIME to me, this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing ;
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it ;
If we've but a word to say,
There's a time in which to say it.

Oft unknowingly the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word or accent wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking.

SWAIN

WHO LOVES ME BEST ?

Who loves me best ? My mother sweet,
Whose every look with love's replete ;
Who held me, an infant on her knee,
Who hath ever watched me tenderly ;
And yet I've heard my mother say,
That she sometime must pass away :
Who then shall shield me from earthly ill ?
Some one must love me better still.

Who loves me best ? My father dear,
 Who loveth to have me always near ;
 He whom I fly each eve to meet,
 When pass'd away is the noontide heat ;
 Who from the bank where the sunbeam lies,
 Brings me the wild-wood strawberries.
 O ! he is dear as my mother to me,
 But he will perish, even as she.

Who loves me best ? The gentle dove
 That I have tamed with my childish love,
 That every one save myself doth fear,
 Whose soft coo soundeth when I come near ;
 Yet, perhaps it loves me because I bring
 To its cage the drops of the clearest spring,
 And hang green branches around the door ;
 Something surely must love me more.

Who loves me best ? My sister fair,
 With her laughing eyes and clustering hair,
 Who flowers around my head doth twine,
 Who presseth her rosy lips to mine ;
 Who singeth me songs in her artless glee,
 Can any love me better than she ?
 Yet when I ask'd, that sister confess'd
 Of all she did not love me best.

Who loves me best ? My brother young
 With his healthy cheek and lisping tongue,
 Who delighteth to lead me in merry play
 Far down the green woods bushy way ;
 Who sheweth me where the hazel-nuts grow,
 And where the fairest field-flowers blow ;
 Yet perhaps he loves no more than the rest,
 How shall I find who loves me best ?

My mother loves me, but she may die ;
 My white dove loves me, but that may fly ;
 My father loves me, he may be changed ;
 I have heard of brothers and sisters estranged ;
 If they should forsake me, what should I do,
 Where should I bear my sad heart to ?
 Some one surely would be my stay,
 Some one must love me better than they.

Yes ! fair child, there is one above
 Who loves thee with unchangeable love ;
 He who formed those frail dear things,
 To which thy young heart fondly clings ;
 Even though all should forsake thee, still
 He would protect thee through every ill ;
 O ! is not such love worth all the rest ?
 Child, it is God who loves thee best !

MARY ANN BROWN.

AN EVENING HYMN.

How beautiful the setting sun !
The clouds, how bright and gay,
The stars appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they !

And when the moon ascends the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night !

And can it be, I am possessed
Of something brighter far,
A light within this little breast,
Out-shining every star ?

Yes !—should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live an endless day.

This is my soul that God has given,
Sin may its lustre dim,
Religion bears it up to heaven,
And leads it back to Him.

A STORY OF HEAVEN.

BEFORE a lowland cottage,
With climbing roses gay,
I stood one summer's eve, to watch
Two children at their play.

All round the garden walks they ran,
Filling the air with glee,
Till they were tired, and sate them down
Beneath an old oak tree.

They were silent for a little space,
And then the boy began ;
“ I wonder, sister dear, if I
Shall ever be a man.

I almost think I never shall,
For often in my sleep,
I dream that I am dying—
Nay, sister, do not weep.

It is a joyful thing to die,
For though this world is fair,
I see a lovelier in my dreams,
And I fancy I am there.

I fancy I am taken there,
 As soon as I have died;
 And I roam through all the pleasant place,
 With an angel by my side.

To that bright world I long to go,
 I would not linger here,
 But for my gentle mother's sake,
 And yours, my sister dear.

And when I read my book to her,
 Or when I play with you,
 I quite forget that glorious land,
 And the bless'd angel too.

But often when I'm weary
 Of my books and of my play,
 Those pleasant dreams come back again.
 And steal my heart away.

And I wish that you, sweet sister?
 And my mother dear, and I,
 Could shut our eyes upon this world,
 And, all together, die."

Then spake his fair-haired sister,
 In tones serene and low ;—
 “ Oh ! if heaven is such a pleasant place,
 Dear brother, let us go.

Our mother wept when our father died,
 Till her bright eyes were dim ;
 And I know she longs to go to heaven,
 That she may be with him.”

“ So let us all together go !”
 The thoughtful boy replied—
 “ Ah no ! we cannot go to heaven,
 Until that we have died.

And sister we must be content
 Upon this earth to stay,
 Till the bless'd Saviour, Jesus Christ,
 Shall call our souls away.

• • • • • •

Before the next year's roses came,
 That gentle call was given ;
 And the mother and her two sweet babes,
 Were all of them in heaven.

J. R. TAYLOR

THE SHOWER OF PEARLS.

SECOND SERIES.

THE BETTER LAND.

“ I HEAR thee speak of a better land ;
Thou callest its children a happy band :
Mother ! O where is that radiant shore ?
May we not seek it and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle
boughs ?”

“ Not there, not there, my child !”

“ Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,

And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"

" Not there, not there, my child !"

" Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand !
Is it there, sweet mother ! that better land ?"
" Not there, not there, my child ?"

" Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair ;
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom :—
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child !"

HEMANS.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,

He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair ? ” saith he ;
“ Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet
to me
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,”
The reaper said and smiled ;
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where once he was a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;

She knew she should find them all again
 In the fields of light above.

O ! not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 The reaper came that day ;
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
 And took the flowers away !

LONGFELLOW.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
 And counted the sands that under it be ?
 Hast thou measured the heights of the heavens
 above ?
 Then mayest thou mete out a mother's love.

Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on
 To the throne of God some wandering son ?
 Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright employ ?
 Then mayest thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee
 Go forth on her errands of industry ?

The bee for herself hath gathered and toiled,
But the mother's cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone with the traveller thought afar,
From pole to pole, from star to star ?
Thou hast—but on ocean, earth or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

And ever since earth began, that look
Has been to the wise an open book,
To win them back, from the love they prize,
To the holier love that edifies.

There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air,
The heavens the glory of God declare !
But louder than voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak through a Mother's Love.

EMILY TAYLOR.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring, steps he leads—
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still !
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,

Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine,
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus flower,
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain ;
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night :—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by.

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will also care for Him.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND HOW
HE GAINED THEM.

" You are old, father William," the young man cried,

" The few locks that are left you are grey :
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man :
Now tell me the reason, I pray ?"

" In the days of my youth," father William replied,

" I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abus'd not my health and my vigour at first,

That I never might need them at last."

" You are old, father William," the young man cried,

" And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone :
Now tell me the reason I pray ?"

" In the days of my youth," father William replied,

" I remembered that youth could not last ;
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

" You are old, father William," the young man cried ;

" And life must be hastening away ;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death :
Now tell me the reason I pray ?"

" I am cheerful, young man," father William replied,

" Let the cause thy attention engage :
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age."

THE BLIND CHILD.

I heard my mother's lullaby,
In childhood's early tide ;

I felt the tear that laved her eye
When my lov'd father died.

The hand that rested on my head,
The while she breathed a prayer

That God's best blessing might be shed
Now and for ever there ;

Her soothing kiss—her fond embrace,
I *felt*, but never *saw* that face.

Oh ! in the spring and summer days
 When trees and flowers are glad—
 When wood-birds tune their joyous lays,
 And nought on earth seems sad—
 When murmuring streamlets glide along,
 On their green banks I lie,
 And listening to their peaceful song,
 I think t'were sweet to die.
 I bless the winged summer hours,
 But see nor trees, nor birds, nor flowers.

At evening, when the children meet
 Beneath the chesnut tree,
 And gaily dance, with fairy feet,
 And sing their song of glee :
 Or, wondering, watch the morn appear,
 And count the stars that rise,
 I heave a sigh and oft a tear
 Starts in these sightless eyes.
 I see them not, those heavens that spread
 In silent beauty o'er my head !

Oh ! for the echo of that voice,
 When forth His fiat went,
 That bade the morning stars rejoice
 In the blue firmament !

Thou who did'st say " Let there be light,"
Now listen, while I pray
That thou would'st chase this dreary night,
And make its darkness day ;
Then these sad eyes shall wake and see
Thy glorious works ! how bright they be !
C. PHILLIPS.

THE DOVE.

THE dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, Lord, from every stain
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To steer my course to Thee !

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs ;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom on her wings.

MOORE.

TIRIED OF PLAY.

TIRIED of play ! tired of play !
 What hast thou done this live-long day ?
 The birds are silent and so is the bee,
 The sun is creeping up steeple and tree ;
 The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
 And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves,
 Twilight gathers and day is done,
 How hast thou spent it, beautiful one ?
 Playing ! but what hast thou done beside,
 To tell thy mother at eventide ;
 What promise of morn is left unbroken,
 What kind word to thy playmate spoken ?
 Whom hast thou pitied and whom forgiven,
 How with thy faults has duty striven ;
 What hast thou learned by field and hill,
 By greenwood path and by singing rill.

There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired but not of play.
And thou wilt lean as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sins and shame as now ;
Well for thee if thy lip could tell
A tale like this—of a day spent well.
If thine open hand hath relieved distress,
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness,
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thy heart with penitence ;
If nature's voices have spoken to thee,
With their holy meaning eloquently.
If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove,
If never a sadlow spoken word
Hath pled with thy human heart unheard,
Then when the night steals on as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,
And with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

N. P. WILLIS.

I DARE NOT SCORN.

I **MAY** not scorn the meanest thing,
 That on the earth doth crawl ;
 The slave who dares not burst his chain,
 The tyrant in his hall.

The vile oppressor who hath made
 The widowed mother mourn,
 Though worthless, he before me stand—
 I cannot, dare not scorn.

The darkest night that shrouds the sky,
 Of beauty hath a share ;
 The blackest heart hath signs to tell,
 That God still lingers there.

I pity all that evil are—
 I pity, and I mourn,
 But the Supreme hath fashioned all,
 And, oh ! *I dare not scorn.*

ROBERT NICOLL.

EARLY RISING.

DID you but know, when bathed in dew,
 How sweet the little violet grew,
 Amidst the thorny brake ;
 How fragrant blew the ambient air,
 O'er beds of primroses so fair,
 Your pillow you'd forsake.

Paler than the autumnal leaf,
 Or the wan hue of pining grief,
 The cheek of sloth shall grow ;
 Nor can cosmetic, wash, or ball,
 Nature's own favourite tints recall,
 If once you let them go.

HERRICK

SPEAK GENTLY !

SPEAK gently ! It is better far
 To rule by love than fear :
 Speak gently ! let not harsh words mar
 The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the little child,
 Its love you're sure to gain ;
 Teach it in accents soft and mild,
 It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
 Will have enough to bear ;
 Pass through this life as best they may ;
 'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
 Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
 The sands of life are nearly run,
 Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring—know
 They may have toiled in vain ;
 Perchance unkindness made them so,
 Oh ! win them back again.

Speak gently ! He who gave His life
 To bend man's stubborn will,
 When elements were fierce in strife
 Said to them, " peace be still !"

Speak gently ! 'Tis a little thing
 Dropt in the heart's deep well ;
 The good, the joy, that it may bring,
 Eternity shall tell.

ANON.

THE MOSS ROSE.

THE angel of the flowers one day,
 Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay ;
 That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
 To bathe young buds in dews of heaven ;—
 Awaking from his light repose,
 The Angel whispered to the rose ;—
 “O fondest object of my care,
 Still fairest found, where all are fair ;
 For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me,
 Ask what thou wilt 'tis granted thee !”
 “Then said the rose, with deepened glow,
 On me another grace bestow :”—
 The spirit paused in silent thought,—
 What grace was there that flower had not ?
 'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
 A veil of moss the Angel throws,
 And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
 Could there a flower that rose exceed ?

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

THE STARS.

No cloud obscures the summer sky,
The moon in brightness walks on high,
And, set in azure, every star
Shines, a pure gem of heaven, afar !

Child of the earth ! oh ! lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse ;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore !

Doth it not speak to every sense
The marvels of omnipotence ?
Seest thou not there the Almighty's name
Inscribed in characters of flame ?

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night ;
Behold them !—can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host ?

Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze ;

Each is a world by God sustained,
Who from eternity hath reigned.

What then art thou, oh ! child of clay !
Amid creation's grandeur, say !
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop, lost in seas !

Yet fear thou not ! the sovereign hand
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath e'en for thee a Father's care !

HEMANS.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chesnut tree
The village smithy stands,
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;

His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn to night,
You can hear the bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach ;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
 Singing in paradise ;
 He needs must think of her once more
 How in the grave she lies ;
 And with his hard rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes ;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close :
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught !
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought !

LONGFELLOW.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman do not tarry,

And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle
 And this, Lord Ullin's daughter:—

"And fast before her father's men,
 Three days we've fled together;
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood will stain the heather:—

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
 When they have slain her lover?"

Out spake the highland wight,
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady!"

"And by my word, the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry;

So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry!"

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking,
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer !

" Oh ! haste thee, haste !" the lady cries ;
Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, oh ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reached the fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover,
 One lovely arm was stretched for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

“ Come back ! come back ! ” he cried in grief,
 “ Across this stormy water ;
 And I’ll forgive your highland chief,
 “ My daughter, oh ! my daughter ! ”

’Twas vain ! the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing :—
 The waters wild went o’er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS
 FATHER.

TORCHES were blazing clear,
 Hymns pealing deep and slow,
 Where a king lay stately on his bier
 In the church of Fontevraud.

Banners of battle o'er him hung,
 And warriors slept beneath,
 And light, as noon's broad light, was flung
 On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death
 A strong and ruddy glare, [breath,
 Though dimmed at times by the censor's
 Yet it fell still brightest there ;
 As if each deeply furrowed trace
 Of earthly years to show,
 Alas ! that sceptred mortal's race
 Had surely closed in wo !

The marble floor was swept
 By many a long dark stole,
 As the kneeling priests round him that slept,
 Sang mass for the parted soul ;
 And solemn were the strains they poured
 Through the stillness of the night,
 With the cross above, and the crown and
 And the silent king in sight. [sword,

There was heard a heavy clang,
 As of steel-girt men the tread, [rang
 And the tombs and the hollow pavement
 With a sounding thrill of dread ;

And the holy chant was hushed awhile,
 As by the torches flame,
 A gleam of arms up the sweeping isle,
 With their mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look
 An eagle glance and clear, [shook
 But his proud heart through his breast-plate
 As he stood beside the bier ;
 He stood there still with drooping brow,
 And clasp'd hands o'er it raised,
 For his father lay before him low ;
 'Twas Cœur de Lion gazed !

And silently he strove
 With the workings of his breast ;
 But there's more in late repentant love,
 Then steel may keep suppressed !
 And his tears brake forth, at last like rain ;
 Men held their breath in awe,
 For his face was seen by his warrior train,
 And he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead,
 And sorrow seemed to lie,
 A weight of sorrow, e'en like lead,
 Pale on the fast, shut eye.

He stoop'd and kiss'd the frozen cheek,
 And the heavy hand of clay,
 Till bursting words yet all too weak,
 Gave his soul's passion way ;

" Oh, father ! is it vain,
 This late remorse and deep ?
 Speak to me father ! once again !
 I weep, behold, I weep !
 Alas ! my guilty pride and ire !
 Were but this work undone,
 I would give England's crown, my sire,
 To hear thee bless thy son.

" Speak to me : mighty grief
 Ere now thy dust hath stirred ;
 Hear me ! but hear me ! father ! chief !
 My king ! I must be heard !
 Hushed, hushed, how is it that I call,
 And that thou answerest not ?
 When was it thus, wo ! wo ! for all,
 The love my soul forgot !

" Thy silver hairs I see
 So still, so sadly bright !
 And father, father ! but for me
 They had not been so white ;

I bore thee down high heart at last,
 No longer could'st thou strive ;
 Oh ! for one moment of the past,
 To kneel and say forgive !

" Thou wert the noblest king
 On royal throne e'er seen,
 And thou didst wear in knightly ring
 Of all the statliest mien ;
 And thou didst prove where spears are proved,
 In war, the bravest heart,
 Oh ! ever the renowned and loved,
 Thou wert and there thou art !

Thou that my boyhood's guide
 Didst take fond joy to be !
 The times I've sported at thy side,
 And climbed thy parent knee !
 And there before the blessed shrine,
 My sire, I see thee lie,
 How will that sad, still face of thine,
 Look on me till I die !"

MRS. HEMANS.

SONG OF THE GREEK BARD.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
 Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' " Island of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And, musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be fi
 For standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations, all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set—where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore,
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine !

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 E'en as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear !

Must we but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must we but blush ? Our father's bled !
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast,
 A remnant of our Spartan dead ;
 And of three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ! and silent all ?
 Ah ! no, the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, " Let one living head,
 But one arise—we come, we come !" "
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords :
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
 Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a Slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 We will not think of themes like these ;
 It made Anacreon's song divine :
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant ; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
 O ! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind !
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
 And there perhaps some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells :
 In native swords and native ranks,
 The only hopes of courage dwells ;
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine ;
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But, gazing on each glowing maid—
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,—

Where nothing, save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;

There, swan-like, let me sing and die ;
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

BYR

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

IN her ear he whispers gaily

“ If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden I have watched thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well.”

She replies in accents fainter,

“ There is none I love like thee.”
He is but a landscape painter,

And a village maiden she.

He to lips, that fondly falter,

Presses his without reproof ;

Leads her to the village altar,

And they leave her father's roof.

“ I can make no marriage present :

Little can I give my wife,

Love will make our cottage pleasant,

And I love thee more than life.”

They by parks and lodges going,
 See the lordly castles stand !
 Summer woods about them blowing,
 Make a murmur in the land.

From deep thought himself he rouses,
 Says to her that loves him well,
 " Let us see these handsome houses,
 Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
 So she goes by him attended,
 Hears him lovingly converse,
 Sees whatever fair and splendid
 Lay betwixt his home and hers ;
 Parks with oak and chesnut shady,
 Parks and ordered gardens great,
 Ancient homes of lord and lady,
 Built for pleasure and for state.
 All he shows her makes him dearer,
 Evermore she seems to gaze
 On that cottage growing nearer, [days.
 Where they twain would spend their
 O but she will love him truly !
 He shall have a cheerful home ;
 She will order all things duly,
 When beneath his roof they come.
 Thus her heart rejoices greatly,

Till a gateway she discerns,
 With armorial bearings stately,
 And beneath the gate she turns ;
 Sees a mansion more majestic
 Then all those she saw before ;
 Many a gallant gay domestic
 Bows before him at the door.
 And they speak in gentle murmur
 When they answer to his call ;
 While he treads with footsteps firmer,
 Leading on from hall to hall—
 And, while now she wonders blindly,
 Nor the meaning can divine,
 Proudly turns he round and kindly,
 “ All of this is mine and thine.”

Here he lives in state and bounty,
 Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
 Not a lord in all the country
 Is so great a lord as he.
 All at once the colour flushes
 Her sweet face from brow to chin,
 As it were with shame she blushes,
 And her spirit changed within.
 Then her countenance all over
 Pale as death again did prove ;

But he clasped her like a lover,
 And he cheered her soul with love.
 So she strove against her weakness,
 Though at times her spirit sank ;
 Shaped her heart with woman's meekness,
 To all duties of her rank :
 And a gentle consort made he,
 And her gentle mind was such
 That she grew a noble lady,
 And the people loved her much.
 But a trouble weighed upon her,
 And perplex'd her night and morn,
 With a burthen of an honour,
 Unto which she was not born.
 Faint she grew and ever fainter,
 As she murmured, " Oh that he
 Were once more that landscape painter,
 Which did win my heart from me !"
 So she droop'd, and droop'd before him,
 Fading slowly from his side :
 Three fair children first she bore him,
 Then before her time she died.
 Weeping, weeping, late and early,
 Walking up, and pacing down,
 Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
 Burleigh-house by Stamford-town :

And he came to look upon her,
 And he looked at her and said,
 " Bring the dress and put it on her,
 That she wore when she was wed."
 Then her people softly treading,
 Bore to earth her body drest
 In the dress that she was wed in,
 That her spirit might have rest.

TENNYSON.

HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing,
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
 And she that doth most sweetly sing,
 Sings in the shade when all things rest ;
 In lark and nightingale we see
 What honour hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
 In deepest adoration bends,
 The weight of glory bends him down,
 Then most when most his soul ascends.
 Nearest the throne itself must be
 The footstool of humility.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The bird that sees a dainty bower,
 Made in the tree where she was wont to sit,
 Wonders and sings—but not his power,
 Who made the arbour : this exceeds her
 But man doth know [wit.
 The spring whence all things flow.

HERBERT.

SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
 Is like the dew drop on the rose ;
 When the next summer breeze comes by
 And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

THE MASSACRE OF THE WALDENSES.

AVENGE, O Lord ! thy slaughtered saints,
 whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
 Even them, who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and
 stones,
 Forget not—in thy book record their groans,

Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. The
 moans,

The vales redoubled to the hills and they
 To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields where still doth sway,
 The triple tyrant that from these may grow,
 A hundred-fold, who, having learned thy way
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

MILTON.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S
 PICTURE.

OH that those lips had language!—Life has
 pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile
 I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say
 "Grieve not my child; chase all thy fears
 away!"

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes,
 (Bless'd be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it,) here shines on me still the same.
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 Oh welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bids't me honor with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own ;
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream that thou art she.
 My mother ! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch, even then, life's journey just begun ?
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls *can* weep in bliss.
 Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long, sigh, and wept a last adieu !
 But was it such ? It was ; Where thou art gone,

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that blissful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd ;
By expectation every day beguil'd—
Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.
Thus many a sad *to-morrow* came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no
more,
Children, not thine, have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap'd,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly
laid,
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thine own hand, till fresh they shone and
glow'd ;
All this—and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interpos'd too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere, [here.
Not scorned in heaven though little noticed
Could time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued
flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine ;
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head, and
smile.

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish
 them here ?

I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might ;—
 But no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again ;

Thou as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 The storms all weathered and the ocean cross'd
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
 Where spices breathe, and brighter season
 smile ;

There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs, impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay
 So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached
 the shore

“ Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,’
 And thy lov'd consort, on the dangerous tide
 Of life, long since has anchor'd by thy side ;
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
 The howling blasts, drive devious, tempest-tossed,

Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass
lost ;
And day by day some current's thwarting force,
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he—
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now farewell ;—time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seemed to have liv'd my childhood o'er
again ;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER.

GOD IS LOVE.

I CANNOT always trace the way
 Where Thou Almighty One ! dost move,
 But I can always, always, say,
 That God is love !

When fear her chilling mantle flings
 O'er earth—my soul to heaven above,
 As to her sanctuary springs,
 For God is love.

When mystery clouds my darken'd path,
 I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove,
 In this my soul sweet comfort hath
 That God is love.

The entanglement which restless thought,
 Mistrust and idle reasonings move :
 Are thus unravell'd and unwrought
 That God is love.

Yes, God is love ! a thought like this
 Can every gloomier thought remove,
 And turn all tears, all woes to bliss,
 For God is love !

BOWRING.

THOUGHT FOR THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

I was a stricken deer that left the herd long
since

With many an arrow deep infixed,
My panting side was charged when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.

There was I found by one, who had himself
Been hurt by the archers—In his side he bore
And in his hands and feet the cruel scars.

With gentle force—soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth—and healed and bade me
live.

COWPER.

THE JOURNEY TO EMMAUS.

IT happen'd on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined—
The scene of all their sorrows left behind—
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event;

L

They spake of Him they loved, of Him whose
 life, [*strife* ;
 Though blameless, had incurred perpetual
 Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
 A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
 The recollection like a vein of ore, [*more* ;
 The further traced, enriched them still the
 They thought him, and they justly thought
 him, One
 Sent to do more than he appear'd to have done ;
 To exalt a people, and to place them high
 Above all else—and wondered he should die.
 Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
 A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
 And asked them with a kind, engaging air,
 What their affliction was, and begged a share ;
 Informed, he gather'd up the broken thread,
 And truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
 Explained, illustrated, and searched so well
 The tender theme on which they chose to
 dwell,
 That reaching home, "the night," they said,
 " is near,
 We must not now be parted, sojourn here."
 The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
 And made so welcome at their simple feast ;

He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,
 And left them both exclaiming, "Twas the
 Lord;

Did not our hearts feel all he deigned to say?
 Did they not burn within us by the way?"

COWPER.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

The cheerful supper done, with serious face
 They round the ingle form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big ha' Bible, once his father's pride.
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside—
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
 glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And, "Let us worship God," he says, with
 solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simplest
 guise: [aim:

They tune their hearts, by far the noblest

Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling, measures
rise,

Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays ;

Compared with these, Italian trills are tame :
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise,
No unison have they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abraham was the friend of God on
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage [high ;

With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie,
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire ;
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He who bore in heav'n the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head ;
How His first followers and servants sped
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,

Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced
 by heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays ;
 Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing
 That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear,
 While circling time moves round in an eternal
 sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregation's wide
 Devotion's every grace except the heart !
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous train, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart
 May hear, well-pleased, the language of the
 soul,
 And in his Book of life the inmates poor enrol.

BURNS.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village pass'd
 A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner, with the strange device,
 Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And, like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior !

" Try not the pass," the old man said ;
 " Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent's deep and wide ! "

And loud the clarion voice replied,
 Excelsior !

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
 Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night!
A voice replied far up the height,
 Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
 Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay,

And from the sky serene and far
 A voice fell—like a falling star,
 Excelsior !

LONGFELLOW.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

SUM up at night what thou hast done by day,
 And in the morning what thou hast to do ;
 Dress and undress thy soul, mark the decay
 And growth of it; if with thy watch, that too
 Be down, then wind both up; since we shall be
 More surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

HERBERT.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon ;

Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the evensong ;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay, as you ;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing :
We die,
As your hours do ; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.

THE MAIDEN AT HER SPINNING WHEEL.

ROUND goes the wheel, the merry wheel,
The sun shines bright and clear ;
The flax is spinning on the reel,
The lark is singing near.

Up ! up ! he mounts to heaven away,
 The bird of lowly nest ;
 Hark ! to his wildly gushing lay,
 The dew is on his breast.

He meets the morning in the skies
 Upon his dappled wings,
 It seems to rain down melodies,
 In the glad song he sings.

Over the landscape green and brown,
 Bright golden shadows fall :
 But Oh ! the lark's song coweth down
 More golden than them all.

The forest minstrels all are mute,
 No other sound is heard,
 Save low winds breathing like a lute,
 With which the trees are stirred.

G. S. PHILLIPS.

LIFE'S REALITY.

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was Beauty ;
 I woke and found that life was Duty.

Was thy dream then a shadowy lie ?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy life to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

ANON.

SABBATH EVENING.

Is there a time when moments flow
More peacefully than all beside ?
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer's tide.

Oh then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above,
The different forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love !

Delightful scene ! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear,
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.

If heaven be ever felt below,
 A scene so heavenly sure as this
 May cause a heart on earth to know
 Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Delightful hour ! how soon will night
 Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reig
 And morrow's quick returning light
 Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last a day—
 A sun that never sets shall rise :
 Night will not veil its ceaseless ray—
 The heavenly sabbath never dies !

EDMESTO

LAMA SABACTHANI.

As darkness and death are the gateways
 heaven,
 So 'mid sorrow and pain, all insight is givei
 The pillar of cloud in Prosperity's light—
 Is a pillar of flame in Adversity's night.



Oft must we inly cry
Lama Sabacthani !
If we would crucify,
 Overcome sense ;
Oft must we inly know
Seasons of bitter woe
Hear spirit voices low
 Calling us hence.

We shrink from the pain, but the pain brings
the good ;
'Tis the torturing fever that purges the blood,
The chosen of God are the broken, despised,
The forsaken are those who live unchastised.

Oft must we inly cry
Lama Sabacthani !
If we would crucify,
 Overcome sense ;
Oft must we inly know
Seasons of bitter woe
Hear spirit voices low
 Calling us hence.

In dreariest wastes, sweet flowers have their
birth, [earth ;
To bring us the stars—night curtains the

All exquisite tones that ear ever heard,
 Were the notes of some harp
 That affliction had stirred.

Oft must we inly cry
 Lama Sabacthani !
 If we would crucify,
 Overcome sense ;
 Oft must we inly know
 Seasons of bitter woe
 Hear spirit voices low
 . Calling us hence.

KATE BARLER

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;
 And sinking silently,
 All silently, the little moon
 Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
 But the cold light of stars ;
 And the first watch of light is given
 To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ?
 The star of love and dreams ?
 O no ! from that blue tent above,
 A hero's armour gleams.

The earnest thoughts within me rise,
 When I behold afar,
 Suspended in the evening skies,
 The shield of that red star.

O ! star of strength ! I see thee stand
 And smile upon my pain ;
 Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
 And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
 But the cold light of stars ;
 I give the first watch of the night
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
 He rises in my breast,
 Serene, and resolute and still,
 And calm, and self possess'd.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
 That readest this brief psalm,

As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know e're long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong !

LONGFELLOW.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the
fold, [gold ;
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on
the sea, [Galilee.
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is
green, [seen ;
That host with their banners at sunset were
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn
hath blown, [strown.
That host on the morrow, lay wither'd and

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on
 the blast, [pass'd ;
 And breath'd on the face of the foe as he
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and
 chill, [ever grew still !
 And their hearts but once heaved and for
 And there lay the steed with his nostril all
 wide, [pride !
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the
 turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock beating surf.
 And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his
 mail ; [alone,
 And the tents were were all silent, the banners
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown !
 And the widows of Asshur are loud in their
 wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
 sword, [Lord !
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the
 BYRON.

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent, which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
 bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide ;
 " Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ? "
 I fondly ask : But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, " God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his
 state

Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve, who only stand and wait."

MILTON.

FORGIVENESS.

WHEN on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,

And she who bloom'd so beatifully,
 Beneath the keen stroke bends—
 E'en on the edge that brought her death,
 Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
 As if to token in her fall
 Peace to her foes, and love to all.
 How hardly man this lesson learns !
 To smile, and bless the hand that spurns ;
 To see the blow, and feel the pain,
 But render only love again.
 This spirit ne'er was given on earth ;
 One had it—He of heavenly birth,
 Revil'd, rejected, and betray'd,
 No curse He breath'd—no plaint He made,
 But when in death's dark hour He sigh'd
 Pray'd for his murderers—and died.

ANON.

SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Duke. Give me your hand : Came you from
 old Bellario?

Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds the present question in the court ?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the
cause. [Jew.

Which is the merchant here, and which the
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand
forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you
follow ;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn* you, as you do proceed—
You stand within his danger,† do you not ?

Antonio. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond ?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I ? tell me
that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd :
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
'Tis mightest in the mighty : it becomes

* Oppose.

† Reach or control.

The thron'd monarch better than his crown :
 It is an attribute to God himself :
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Think of this,
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to
 render
 The deeds of mercy.

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

AND thou hast walk'd about, how strange a
 story !
 In Thebe's street three thousand years ago ;
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak, for thou long enough has acted dummy,
 Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its
 tune ;

Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground,
 Mummy !

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and
 features.

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's
 fame ?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect,
 Of either pyramid that bears his name ?
 Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by
 Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
 By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade ;
 Then say what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?
 Perhaps thou wert a priest, and hast been
 dealing
 In human blood, and horrors past revealing.

Perchance that very hand now pinioned flat,
 Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharoah, glass to
 glass ;

Or dropp'd a halfpenny into Homer's hat ;
 Or doffed thine own to let queen Dido pass ;
 Or held by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
 Has any Roman soldier mauled or knuckled,
 For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled ;
 Antiquity appears to have begun,
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develop, if that withered tongue
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have
 seen, [young,
 How the world looked when it was fresh and
 And the great deluge still had left it green ;
 Or was it then so old, that history's pages
 Contain'd no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf !
 Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;
 But prithee tell us something of thyself—
 Reveal the secrets of thy prison house !
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd
 What thou hast seen, what strange adventures
 number'd.

Since first thy form was in this box extended
 We have, above ground, seen some strang
 mutations ;

The Roman empire has begun and ended ;
 New worlds have risen, we have lost whol
 nations,
 And countless kings have into dust bee
 humbled,
 While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses
 Marched armies o'er thy tomb, with thunderin
 tread,
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
 And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd
 The nature of thy private life unfold :
 A heart has throb'd beneath that leatheri
 breast,
 And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled :
 Have children climbed those knees, and kiss'd
 that face,
 What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead !
 Imperishable type of evanescence !
 Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence,
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgement
 morning,
 When the great trumpets' sound shall shrill
 thee with its warning !

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
 Oh let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
 In living virtue ! that, when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH.

LINES SAID TO BE THE LAST COMPOSED
 BY MILTON.

I am old and blind !
 Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;
 Afflicted and deserted of my kind ;
 Yet I am not cast down.

N

I am weak, yet strong ;
 I murmur not that I no longer see ;
 Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
 Father supreme ! to Thee.

O merciful one ! [near ;
 When men are farthest, then thou art most
 When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
 Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
 Its leaning towards me ; and its holy light
 Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
 And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
 I recognise thy purpose, clearly shown :
 My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
 Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear ;
 This darkness is the shadow of thy wing ;
 Beneath it I am almost sacred, here
 Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand, [been,
 Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath

Wrap't in the radiance of thy sinless Land,
 Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go ; [throng ;
 Shapes of resplendent beauty round me
 From Angel lips I seem to hear the flow
 Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now, [eyes—
 When Heaven is opening on my sightless
 When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
 The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime, [thought
 My being fills with rapture—waves of
 Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
 Break over me, unsought.

PRAYER.

Go in the sunny morning,
 And when the stars shine bright ;
 Go when the day is closing,
 And in the silent night ;

Go when the dew-drop sparkles,
And when the moon-beams play,
Go when thick darkness shrouds thee,
Go, and in secret pray.

Go in the warmth of friendship,
And in the heat of love,
Go when thy friends surround thee,
Go raise thy soul above ;
Go in the social circle,
And on the sabbath day,
Go with the great assembly,
Go, and in secret pray.

Go in the hour of sadness,
And in the hour of glee,
Go when thy love is languid,
And when thy words run free ;
Go when thy heart is pensive,
And when thy thoughts are gay,
Go when earth's joys are fading,
Go, and in secret pray.

Go when thy cheeks are blooming,
And when that bloom is fled,
Go when thy hopes are brightest,
And when those hopes are dead ;

Go when thy Saviour smites thee,
 And when He cheers thy way,
 Go at all time and seasons,
 Go, and in secret pray.

ANON.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
 With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
 They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
 That my child is grave and wise of heart,
 beyond his childish years.
 I cannot say how this may be, I know his face
 is fair,
 And yet his chiefest comeliness, is his sweet
 and serious air :
 I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
 But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency :

But that which others most admire, is the
thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech, he even
where doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we
together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talk
as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dot
not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and
aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes
perplext,
With thoughts about this world of ours, and
thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, and
teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then, are
the words which he will say.
Oh, should my gentle child be spared, to man
hood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man, I trust that he will be.
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his
thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I
lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of
three ;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little
features be,
How silvery sweet those tones of his, when he
prattles on my knee :
I do not think his light blue eye, is like his
brother's keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought, as his
hath ever been ;
But his little heart's a fountain pure, of kind
and tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich
depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who
pass us in the street,
Will speak their joy, and bless my boy, he
looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful
tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to
sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine, sent to gladden
home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten
all our mirth.

Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant
his heart may prove, .
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now
for earthly love :
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching
eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall
lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I
cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where
he is gone to dwell.
To us for fourteen anxious months his infant
smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went
to live in Heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he
weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his
shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss
which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which
God will not reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that
he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their
Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load
of flesh,
But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of
joy for ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their
glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of
Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe, (his
mother dear and I,)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears
from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss
can never cease ;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his*
is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls
from bliss may sever,
But, if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be
ours for ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and
what we still must be ;

When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss
 and *this* world's misery ;
 When we groan beneath this load of sin, and
 feel this grief and pain ;
 Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have
 him here again.

J. MOULTRI

GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose in the summer time
 Is beautiful to me,
 And glorious the many stars
 That glitter in the sea ;
 But gentle words and loving smiles,
 And hands to clasp my own,
 Are better than the brightest flowers
 Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
 The dew the drooping flower,
 And eyes grow bright that watch the light
 Of Autumn's opening hour ;

But words that breathe of tenderness
 And smiles we know are true,
 Are warmer than the Summer time,
 And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give
 With all its subtle art,
 And gold and gems are not the things
 To satisfy the heart ;
 But O, if those who cluster round
 The altar and the hearth,
 Have gentle words and loving smiles,
 How beautiful is earth !

THE DEPARTED.

They are all gone into a world of light,
 And I alone sit lingering here :
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove ;
 Or those faint beams in which the hill is dress'd
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days—
 My days, which are at best but dull and ho~~te~~
 Mere glimmerings and decays.

Oh, holy hope and high humility!—
 High as the heavens above— [1]
 These are your walks, and ye have show'd th
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear beauteous death—the jewel of the jus
 Shining no where but in the dark ;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust !
 Could man outlook that mark.

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest
 may know
 At first sight if the bird be flown ;
 But what fair field or grove he sings in now
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep ;
 So some strange thoughts transcend our won
 themes,
 And into glory peep.

HENRY VAUGHN

COMMON DUTIES HALLOWED.

If on our daily course, our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
 As more of heaven in each we see ;
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer,
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
 Untired we ask, and ask again ;
 Even in its melodious store,
 Finding a spell unheard before.

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
 When they have sworn and steadfast mean ;
 Counting the cost in all to espy,
 Their God in all themselves deny.

Oh ! could we learn that sacrifice,
 What lights would all around us rise !

How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest, walk ?

We need not bid for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell ;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high,
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves a road,
To lead us daily nearer God.

KEEBLE.

**THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER'S
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SCENES OF HER
CHILDHOOD.**

Can I forget the charms that once adorn'd
My garden stored with mint, and peas, and
thyme,
And rose and lily for the Sabbath morn,
The Sabbath bells, their delightful chime ?
The cowslip gatherings in May's dewy prime,
The gambols and wild freaks at shearing time,

My hen's rich nest, through long grass scarce
espied ;

The swans, that when I sought the water side,
From far to meet me came, spreading their
snowy pride ?

The staff I yet remember, which upbore
The bending body of my active sire ;
His seat beneath the honied sycamore,
When the bees humm'd, and chair by winter
fire.

When market morning came, the neat attire
In which, tho' bent on haste, myself I deck'd,
My watchful dog, whose starts of furious ire
To stranger, I so oft have check'd ;
The red-breast, known for years, that at my
window peck'd.

WORDSWORTH.

THE PATRIOT.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
“ This is my own, my native land ? ”
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,

As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
 For him no minstrel raptures swell !
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
 Despite those titles, powers, and pelf,
 The wretch concentrated all in self ;
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung !

SIR W. SCO

THE GARDEN.

A SENSITIVE plant in a garden grew,
 And the young winds fed it with silver dew
 And it opened its fan-like leaves to the ligh
 And closed them beneath the breezes of nig

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
 Arose from the ground with warm rain wet



And their breath was mixed with fresh odour,
 sent
 From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers, and the tulip tall,
 And narcissi, the fairest of them all,
 Who gaze on their eyes, in the stream's recess,
 Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the hayacinth, purple, white, and blue,
 Which flung from their bells a sweet peal anew
 Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
 It was felt like an odour within the sense.

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
 The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
 And all rare blossoms from every clime
 Grew in that garden, in perfect prime.

SHELLEY.

STANZAS ON FREEDOM.

MEN! whose boast it is that ye
 Come of fathers brave and free,

If there breathe on earth a slave,
 Are ye truly free and brave ?
 If ye do not feel the chain
 When it works a brother's pain ;
 Are ye not base slaves indeed,
 Slaves unworthy to be freed ?

Woman ! who shall one day bear
 Sons to breathe New England air ;
 If ye hear, without a blush,
 Deeds to make the roused blood rush
 Like red lava thro' your veins,
 For your sisters now in chains ;
 Answer, are ye fit to be
 Mothers of the brave and free ?

Is true freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And with leathern hearts forget
 That we owe mankind a debt ?
 No ! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And with heart and hand to be
 Earnest to make others free !

*They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak ;*

They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think.
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three !

LOWELL.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

Commit thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands ;
 To His sure truth and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands.

Put thou thy trust in God,
 In duty's path go on ;
 Fix on His word thy stedfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.

Give to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismay'd ;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
 Wait thou his time—thy darkest night
 Shall end in brightest day.

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

HUSH ! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp
 sheds
 A faint and starry radiance through the gloom,
 And the sweet stillness, down on bright
 young heads, [care,
 With all their clustering locks, untouched by
 And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night,
 in prayer.

Gaze on, 'tis lovely !—childhood's lip and
 cheek,
 Mantling beneath its earnest boon of thought
 Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair an
 meek, [wrought
 And fragile things, as but for sunshi
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky
What death must fashion for eternity !

Oh ! joyous creatures, that will sink to rest
 Lightly when those pure orisons are done,
 As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppressed,
 'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun,—
 Lift up your hearts ! though yet no sorrow lies
 Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts th' untroubled
 springs
 Of hope, make melody where'er ye tread ;
 And o'er your sleep, bright shadows from the
 wings
 Of spirits visiting but youth be spread ;
 Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
 Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe !

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
 And patient smiles to wear through suffer-
 ing's hour ;
 And sunless riches, from affection's deep,
 To pour on broken reeds, a wasted shower !
 And to make idols, and to find them clay,
 And to bewail that worship—therefore pray !

Her lot is on you, to be found untired,
 Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,

With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
 And a true heart of hope, though hope be
 vain,
 Meekly to bear with wrong, and cheer decay,
 And oh ! to love through all things—therefore
 pray !

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
 With its low murmuring sounds, and silvery
 light,
 On through the dark days, fading from their
 prime,
 As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight.
 Earth will forsake—oh ! happy to have given
 Th' unbroken heart's first tenderness to heaven!

MRS. HEMANS.

MARY.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
 Nor other thought her mind admits
 But he was dead, and there he sits,
 And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
 All other, when her ardent gaze
 Roves from the living brother's face,
 And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears
 Borne down by gladness so complete ;
 She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
 With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
 Whose loves in higher love endure ;
 What souls possess themselves so pure,
 Or is there blessedness like their's ?

TENNYSON.

PRAYER.

WHEN one that holds communion with the
 skies
 Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
 And once more minglest with us meaner things,
 'Tis e'en as if an Angel shook his wings :
 Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
 That tells us whence his treasures are supplied..

So, when a ship, well-freighted w
 The sun matures on India's spicy
 Has dropp'd her anchor, and her
 In some safe haven of one wester
 T'were vain enquiry, to what po
 The gale informs us—laden with

THE MOTHER WHO HAS A CHI

There's an eye that looks on the s
 Folding the moon in a funeral sh
 That watches the stars dying one
 Till the whole of heaven's calm lig
 There's an ear that lists to the his
 As the mourner turns to the anth
 That eye, that ear ! oh, whose can
 But a mother's who hath a child

There's a cheek that is getting as
 As the tokens of storm come on w
 There's a form that's fixed at th
 To mark how the gloom gathers o
 While the yeasty billows lash the
 With loftier sweep and hoarser ro

That cheek ! that form ! oh, whose can they be,
But a mother's who hath a child at sea ?

The rushing whistle chills her blood,
As the north wind hurries to scourge the flood,
And the icy shiver spreads to her heart,
As the first red lines of lightning start.
The ocean boils ! all mute she stands,
With parted lips and tight-clasped hands :
Oh, marvel not at her fear, for she
Is a mother who hath a child at sea !

She conjures up the fearful scene
Of yawning waves, where the ship between,
With striking keel and splintered mast,
Is plunging hard and foundering fast !
She sees her boy, with lank drenched hair,
Clinging on to the wreck with a cry of despair ;
Oh, the vision is maddening ! No grief can be
Like a mother's who hath a child at sea !

She presses her brow—she sinks and kneels,
Whilst the blast howls on and the thunder peals :
She breathes not a word, for her passionate
prayer

Is too fervent and deep for the lips to bear ;

It is poured in the long convulsive sigh,
 In the straining glance of an upturned eye,
 And a holier offering cannot be
 Than the mother's prayer for her child at sea.

Oh ! I love the winds when they spurn control,
 For they suit my own bond-hating soul ;
 I like to hear them sweeping past
 Like the eagle's pinions, free and fast ;
 But a pang will rise, with sad alloy,
 To soften my spirit and sink my joy,
 When I think how dismal their voices must be
 To a mother who hath a child at sea !

ELIZA COOK.

LINES.

OH weep not ! though lonely and wild be thy [path,
 And tho' storms may be gathering round ;
 There is one who can shield from the hurri-
 cane's wrath,
 And that One may ever be found ! [cry,
 He is with thee, around thee, He lists to thy
 And thy tears are recorded by Him,
 A pillar of fire He will be to thine eye,
 Whose brightness no shadows shall dim.

Oh follow it still through the darkness of night !
 In safety 't will lead to the morrow ;
 'Tis not like the meteor of earth's fickle light,
 Often quenched in delusion and sorrow ;
 For pure is the beam and unfading the ray,
 And the tempests assail it in vain ; [away,
 When the mists of this world are all vanish'd
 In its brightness it still will remain.

And weep not that none are around thee to
 love,
 For a Father is with thee to bless ;
 And if griefs have exalted thy spirit above,
 Oh ! say, wouldst thou wish for one less ?
 He is with thee, whose favour for ever is life,
 Could a mortal heart guard thee so well ?
 Oh ! hush the vain wish, calm thy bosom's
 wild strife,
 And forbid e'en a thought to rebel !

MRS. FRANCIS HORNBLOWER.

SUNDAY.

On day most calm, most bright !
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,

Th' endorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a Friend—and with His blood ;
 The couch of time, care's balm and bay :
 The week were dark, but for thy light,
 Thy torch doth shew the way.

Sundays, the pillars are
 On which Heav'n's palace arched lies ;
 The other days fill up the spare
 And hollow room, with vanities ;
 They are the fruitful beds and borders,
 In God's rich garden ; that is bare,
 Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
 Threaded together on time's string,
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternal, glorious King ;
 On Sunday, Heaven's gate stands ope,
 Blessings are plentiful and rife,
 More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
 And did enclose this light for His ;
 That, as each beast his manger knows,
 Man might not of his fodder miss ;

Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
 And made a garden there, for those
 Who want herbs for their wound.

HERBERT.

HEAVEN.

Is heaven a place where pearly streams
 Glide over silver sands ?
 Like childhood's rosy, dazzling dreams,
 Of some far fairy land ?
 Is heaven a clime where diamond dews
 Glitter on fadeless flowers ?
 And mirth and music ring aloud
 From amaranthine bowers ?

Ah no ! not such, not such is heaven !
 Surpassing far all these,
 Such cannot be the guerdon given,
 Man's wearied soul to please ;
 For saints and sinners here below
 Such vain to be have proved :
 And the pure spirit will despise
 Whate'er the sense hath loved.

There we shall dwell with sire and son,
 And with the mother-maid,
 And with the Holy Spirit one,
 In glory like arrayed :
 And not to one created thing
 Shall our embrace be given ;
 But all our joy shall be in God ;
 For only God is heaven !

BAILEY.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

ON parent's knees, a naked new-born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smil'd ;
 So live, that sinking in thy last sad sleep,
 Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee
 weep.

FOREST WORSHIP.

WITHIN the sunlit forest,
 Our roof the bright blue sky,
 Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
 We lift our hearts on high.



Beneath the frown of wicked men
 Our country's strength is bowing ;
 But, thanks to God ! they can't prevent
 The lone wild-flowers from blowing.

High, high above the tree-tops
 The lark is soaring free,
 Where streams the light, through broken clouds,
 His speckled breast I see :
 Beneath the might of wicked men
 The poor man's worth is dying ;
 But thank'd be God ! in spite of them
 The lark still warbles flying.

The preacher prays, " Lord bless us !"
 " Lord bless us !" echo cries ;
 " Amen !" the breezes murmur low !
 " Amen !" the rill replies.
 The ceaseless toil of woe-worn hearts,
 The proud with pangs are praying ;
 But here, O God of earth and heaven
 The humble heart is praying !

Speak low, thou heav'n-paid teacher !
 The tempest bursts above :
 God whispers in the thunder—hear
 The terrors of his love !

On useful hands, and honest hearts
 The base their wrath are wreaking ;
 But thank'd be God ! they can't prevent
 The storm of heaven from speaking.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

LEAD, kindly light amid the encircling gloom ;
 Lead thou me on !
 The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
 Lead thou me on !
 Keep thou my feet ! I do not ask to see
 The distant scene—one step's enough for me !

I was not ever thus inclined that thou
 Should'st lead me on.
 I lov'd to see and choose my path ; but now
 Lead thou me on !
 I lov'd the garish day, and spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will—remember not past years !

So long thy power and love hath led me, sure
 it still
 Will lead me on—

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, til
The night is gone ;
And, with the morn, those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

KEEBL

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want
How oft do they, with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends, to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duly war
And their bright squadrons round about
plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
Oh! why should heavenly love to man ha
such regard? SPENSE

SPENSE

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION

CHRIST to the young man said : Yet one thing
more ;
If thou would'st perfect be,

Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come, and follow me !

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands to day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him, on his way,
The unseen Christ shall move ;
That he may lean upon his arm, and say,
“ Dost thou, dear Lord ! approve ? ”

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair,
Beside him in the dark Gethesemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust ! O endless sense of rest,
Like the beloved John,
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on !

LONGFELLOW.

SIN.

Man-like is it to fall in sin,
 Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
 Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
 God-like is it all sin to leave.

LONGFELLOW.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem !

Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud—the night was dark—
 The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror, then, my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,—
 It was the Star of Bethlehem !

It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moored—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever, and for evermore,
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem !

H. K. WHITE.

PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to day, 'tis madness to defer ;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time,
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene !

YOUNG.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
 Pass'd o'er the village as the morning broke;
 The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
 The sombre houses, hears'd with plumes of
 smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
 Alike their features and their robes of white,
 And one was crowned with Amaranths flame,
 And one with Asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way,
 Then said I, with deep fear, and doubt
 oppress'd,
 " Beat not so loud my heart, lest thou betray
 The place where thy beloved are at rest !"

And he who wore the crown of Asphodels,
 Descending at my door, began to knock,
 And my heart sank within me, as in wells,
 The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
 The terror, and the tremor, and the pain
 That oft before had thrilled and haunted me,
 And now returned with threefold strength
 again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
 And listened, for I thought I heard God's
 voice,
 And knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
 Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then, with a smile that filled the house with
 light,
 " My errand is not death, but life," he said ;
 And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
 On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,
 The angel with the Amaranthine wreath
 Pausing descended, and with voice divine,
 Whisper'd a sound that had a sound like
 Death !

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
 A shadow on those features fair and thin,

And softly from that hush'd and darken'd room
 Two angels issued, where but one went in !

All is of God ! if He but wave his hand,
 The mists collect, the rains fall thick and
 loud,
 Till, with a smile of light, on sea and land,
 Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His,
 Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
 Who, then, would wish, or dare, believing this,
 Against His messengers to shut the door ?

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

CHILDHOOD.

A CHILD was playing in a garden, a merry
 little child, [happy fancies ;
 Bounding with triumphant health, and full of
 His kite was floating in the sunshine—but he
 tied the string to a twig,
 And ran among the roses to catch a new-born
 butterfly :

His horn-book lay upon a bank, but the
 pretty truant hid it,
 Buried up in gathered grass and moss and
 sweet wild thyme ;
 He launched a paper boat upon the fountain,
 then wayward turn'd aside
 To twine some fragrant jessamines about the
 dripping marble : [of manhood,
 So, in various pastimes, shadowing the schemes
 That curly-headed boy consumed the golden
 hours ; [merry little child,
 And I blessed his glowing face, envying the
 As he shouted with the ecstasy of being, clap-
 ping his hands for joyfulness,
 For I said, "Surely, Oh life ! thy name is
 happiness and hope,
 Thy days are bright, thy flowers are sweet,
 And pleasure the condition of thy gift."

TUPPER.







